



## Define perfection



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### Chapter 1 by Auntie Em

My life could not be more perfect. Really, ask anyone! Because, I live in GAME. I am one of the lucky ones. You see, before the programming, people fought over everything. Looks, power, money, weapons... the list was endless. Eventually the world fell into despair, for everyone was too busy fighting with each other to realized they had destroyed the very world they had to live in. But, luckily, B.W. Game, the forefather of our city, saved the best and brightest of the human race, and created a perfect city inside a demolished world.

Listen to me. I sound like a history book. I guess it's just that pride that they drill into our brains every day. We hold festivals honoring the creation of GAME, write songs about GAME, read books about GAME.

What makes GAME so great? It is perfect. At least, that's what we are told. The flowers never die. People never age. The temperature is always a nice 75 degrees. Not that I would know any different. That's just the way things are.

Which is why today, like all days, is perfect.

I walked the perfect street, ran into my perfect friends, brushed my hand through by perfect hair, and kissed my perfect boy. See more of Story Wars

I was walking with him now

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"Hey, want to grab an ice cream sundae later?" he asked, gazing at me with his perfect brown eyes.

"Sure thi- i- i- i- "

The world went dark.

Black. All I could see.

And a feeling. Something... not perfect. It was like the feeling you get when you go in front of a fan. But more. I shivered. Then I realized something was covering my eyes. I reached up and felt some sort of plastic headset. I pulled it off.

I saw.

I saw a man.

A not perfect man.

"Come with me."

"Where?" I said, with a not perfect voice.

"To the place we dump glitches."

"There must be a mistake. I want to go home."

"Home? The city?"

"Yes."

"That was just a game. Welcome to reality."

Chapter 2 by Deborah...



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"It's a game."

"What?! You're not making any sense" I sat up looking at him intensely.

He held a hand out to me to help me up, and replied annoyingly, with a faint Irish accent "Do I need to spell it out for you? You were in a game. A computer program to keep people like you alive and safe until we need you."

I shoo'd away his hand and slide off the recliner style chair I was situated in. I stumbled the first few steps when he stopped me and supported me with his shoulder.

"You were in for quite along time. You might need to readjust to the real world."

Nothing he was saying was making any sense, looking around i saw other people in chair similar to the one I was in. All of them were imperfect.

"Where's my boyfriend?"

"Your boyfriend?"

"Yes, his name is Derek, is he in here to?"

"I'm sorry to tell you this but he doesn't exist. A computer program to keep you happy."

### Chapter 3 by Debonaircorsiar



What he said run through me. Emotion overwhelmed me, confusion, pain, sadness. Each mixing like a pungent cocktail. He set me in a wheel chair and pushes me slowly down the hall. I sat there silent. What could i do? I'm to weak to walk. Everything I've known has been a lie. Every single thing I could remember. My friend, my family, my boyfriend. Everything.

"How long." I said, holding back tears.

"Oh about," He picked up a clipboard that was hanging off the wheelchair. "4 years, 3 month, and eleven days"

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I tried thinking back, as far as I can think. But I cant think of anything, Now that I think about it, I can barely remember the Game at all.

"Silent type eh? Well do you at least remember your name?" He said looking down at the clipboard

"I, uh," I cant believe this, I cant even remember my own name. "Its Rosy?"

"No, but you were close. Your name is Roxanne"

"I'm just gonna give you a quick physical, make sure you didn't take any long term damage." He walked over and set the clipboard down before taking out a auriscope to look into my ears.

"What's your name?" I said, as he was checking me over.

"Doctor Richard Donnel."

#### Chapter 4 by Auntie Em



Donnel wheeled me further down the hall.

"Where are we going doc?"

He tried not to smile at the pet name. "I thought I already told you. The place we keep the glitches. That's our slang for people like you."

"What do you mean, people like me?"

He took a beat, struggling to find the right words. "We've kept people happy in the game for a long time. Whole generations leading blissful lives without knowing that everything around them is ... fake." He lowered his voice, "But some of us think that is wrong. We've started pulling people with the most promise from the game and introducing them to reality. Our hope is, that with enough people, we can overthrow the game and free the rest."

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"Oh, and you can call me Rich."

## Chapter 5 by Geneva Collins



I was stunned. First off, did he just say that generations of people have lived their whole lives in a computer program? And secondly, I showed promise? Everything I had just heard was pouring through my mind when we reached a metal door different from the rest. Rich stepped forward and scanned some kind of badge before returning to the helm of my wheelchair. When the door opens, I realize it's an elevator, but different from any I'd seen. It's just a cage instead of walls on the inside.

"Don't worry, Roxanne. It's perfectly safe," he said as he wheeled me in.

"I don't know that I have a choice," I retorted as the doors slid closed.

"You do, actually. We want you to join us in our mission, but we aren't going to force you. Once you hear what we have to say, you are welcome to leave it all behind. We can put you back into the GAME. It's your choice."

That sounded too good to be true. "I can have it all back?" I asked eagerly.

"If that's what you want, yes, but wait until you hear us out," he said, but he didn't look too happy about it. "Anything else you want to know will be answered in due time."

I didn't say anything after that. The elevator seemed like forever, but the hallway we went into after that was even longer. I spent the time trying to remember what it felt like when everything was perfect.

## Chapter 6 by Samantha



Rich wheeled me into a dark room, then suddenly the lights flickered on, and people suddenly appeared out of the shadows wearing ragged clothes. They looked me up and down, and I felt a little self conscious.

"This is it!" One of them asked. "Is this the one? I mean, she's the one?" She looked utterly disgusted by me. The feeling was mutual. She was covered in dirt and muck, and she looked exhausted with her

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Rich said in a quiet, yet firm voice, "Pay no attention to Aalia. She is just angered by the fact that you were chosen, and she was not." What was I chosen for? Apparently I spoke my thought aloud because a answer came from a tall man older man, with a deep voice

"Chosen, for greatness. I wish we could tell you all of it now, but we must wait for the others. They should arrive soon. Well, if they make it through the barrier. They are not as strong as you are."

"As if. If anything she is the weakest." Aalia said. The tall man answered, "Aalia, you never account for the strength of the mind and soul. This is why you weren't picked. You don't understand th-" He was suddenly cut off by a man with unruly hair bursting through the door.

"They're coming for her"

## Chapter 7 by Samantha



The room erupted into chaos. People ran out of the room through a bright white back door. I was scared. This was definitely not perfect. I looked behind me and Rich wasn't behind me. My eyes searched the room and finally found him. He was standing by the door trying to calm everyone down as they exited through the door. The rest of the room was painted black, but that one white door.....

People suddenly stopped as loud sound filled the room then abruptly stopped. Everybody sat down and muttered curses under their breath.

"How could I fall for that one?!"

"They are getting more and more creative with those drills!"

I am sure my face was priceless. A mixture of confusion, fear, and relief that all the ruckus was over. Aalia laughed so hard she fell out of her chair and rolled around on the ground in pure ecstasy.

I stuttered out, "T that wwww was I just a d d d drill?" Aalia paused for a second listening. Then she burst into laughter again. "That was a joke, I was kidding me, and I couldn't take their, or rather her, ridiculous drills."

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I stood up and walked towards the white door and pushed it open, and slammed it behind me.

And then I fell. Fell right on the ground under the weight of myself.

## Chapter 8 by Abigail Holland



I pass out.

I am dreaming.

An unpleasant feeling rushes over me. My whole body aches because of my emotions. Hot tears run down my face. I am crying. I look in a mirror and I look ugly. Well, not ugly, I guess. It is just that, when everything was "perfect" I didn't look like this.

This is so new. I have freckles. I have split ends. My eyelashes are not that dark. Is that a pimple?!?! Oh well.

My face is red and puffy from my current state of crying. Why am I so sad. I suddenly turn to a spot next to my bed, remembering why I was so upset. I look down and see my cat. What's his name. Willy? Whi-Whiskers. Mr. Whiskers! I remember. I smile. Just remembering is such a remarkable feeling.

I look back at the cat. My smiles disappears. The cat-Mr. Whiskers is laying down motionless. I stare at the recently dead body. An unbearable amount of pain hits my chest. Heart break. I cannot handle this.

I wake up, crying in the real world and not just in the dream. Multiple people surround me as I am lying on the floor. Rich. Aalia. Others that I do not recognize.

I do not know what to say. I hurt so badly.

"What did you see?" asks Rich.

I choke on my words. My cry is so ugly. So imperfect.

"A dream. My-my cat!" I blurt out.

My nose is runny. I probably look like a mess.

"Make it go away!" I yell, holding my chest. The pain is located so deep in my heart, and it seems as though it will live there forever.

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"I can't" says Rich

"That was no dream. That was a memory."

I curl into a ball on the floor. I do not care how I look. I am depressed. How could a human being experience so much hurt?

"Well, she has a lot to learn." Mocks Aalia, walking out of the room with a visible smirk on her face.

Everybody leaves the room, and I am left to my imagination. Although, now I cannot determine my imagination from what is real.

the end

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